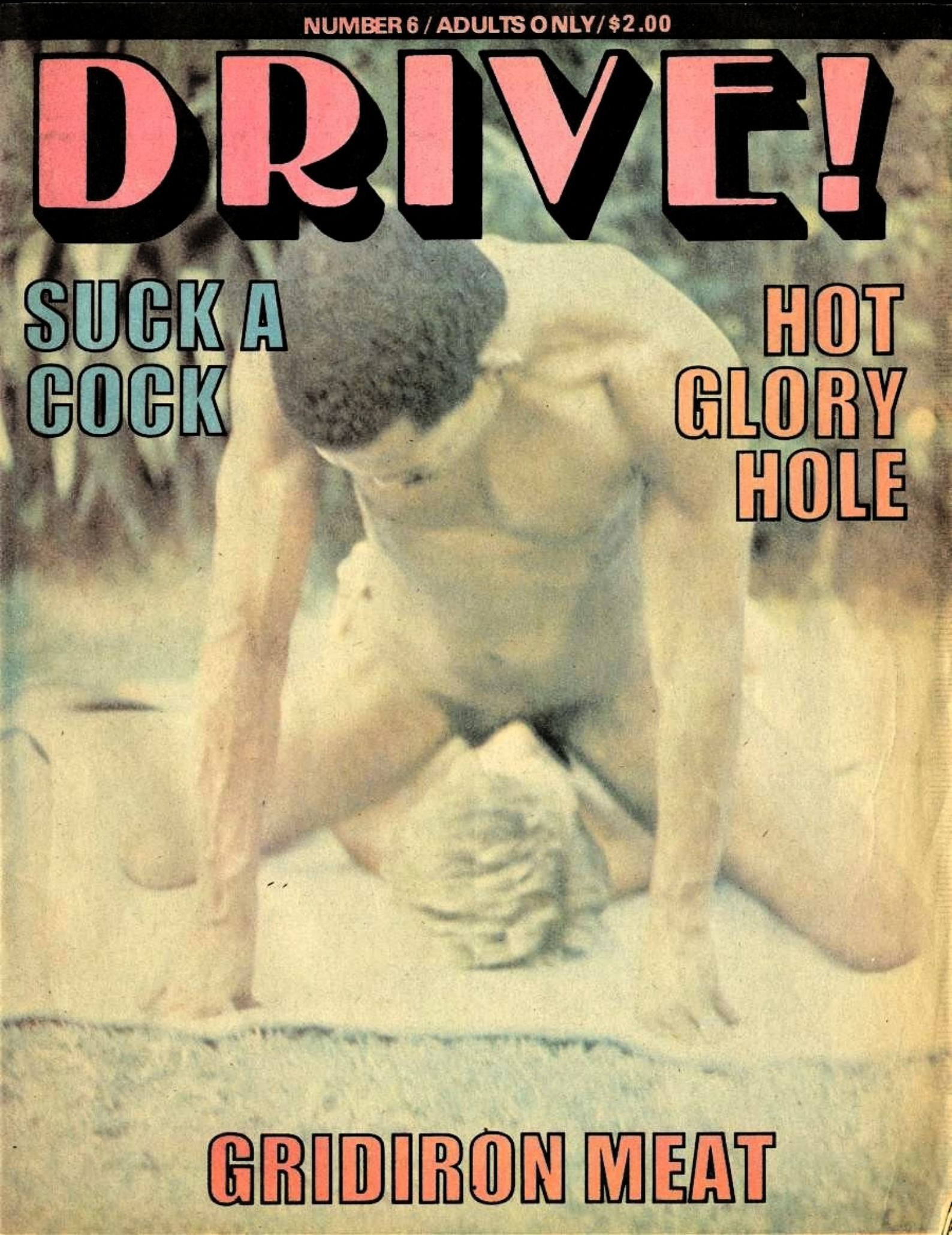
NUMBER 6 / ADULTS ONLY / $2.00

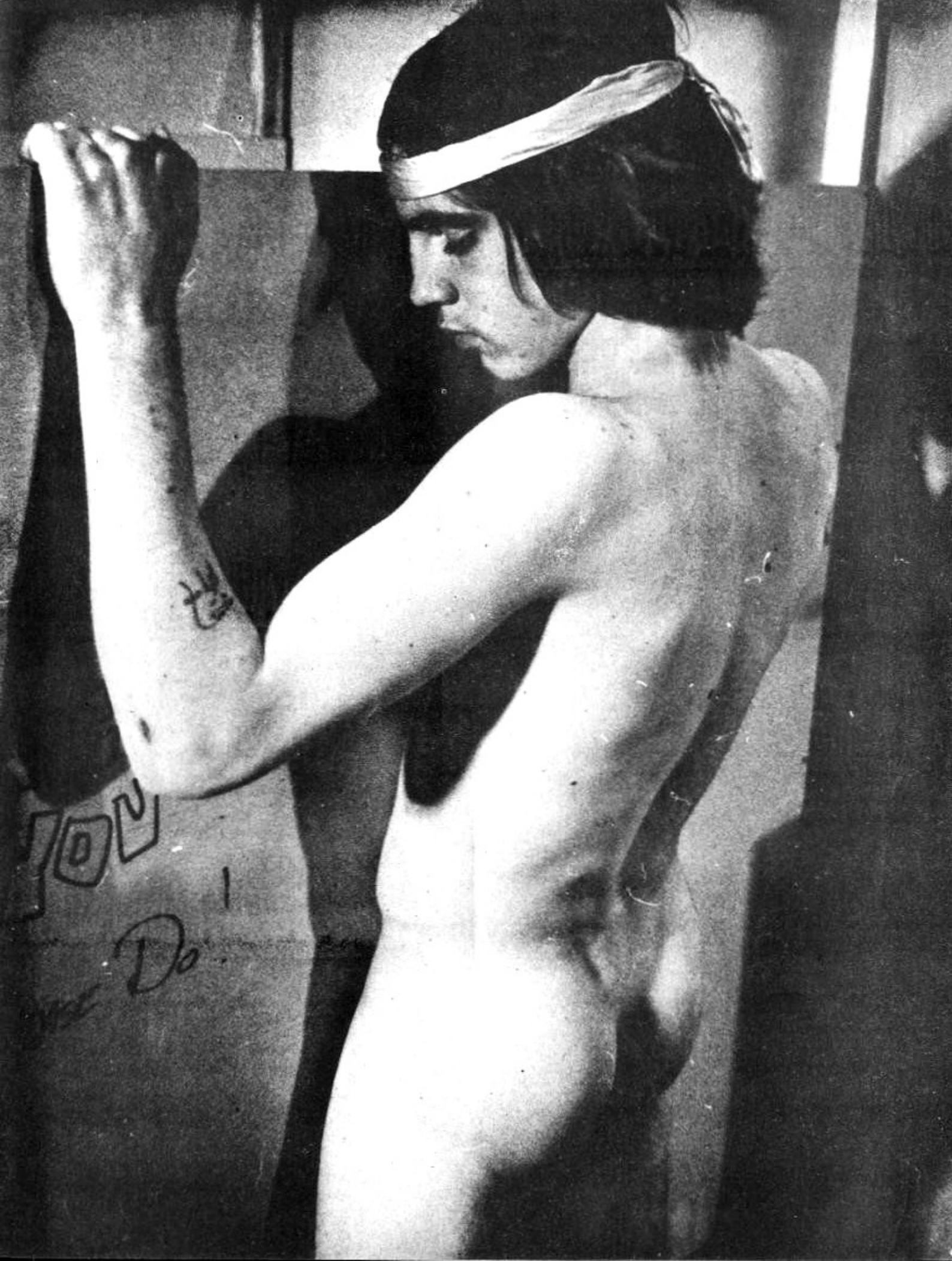
DRIVE!



SUCK A COCK

HOT GLORY HOLE

GRIDIRON MEAT


YOU

COCK TRICKS

"I know it must feel great, but I still can't see how you can do it, Farley," Kent Blare said to his friend sitting across the table from him in the Silver Cup on the Boulevard.

"Look," Farley Thomas said, "I don't know why you don't let me just show you—you don't have to do anything yourself—just lie back and take it!"

"It doesn't make me exactly sick, but that's what I piss through—it just doesn't seem clean!"

"Wow, man! Are you a cornball! You wouldn't mind putting your finger in your mouth, would you? And I'll guarantee that it has more germs on it than your dick has. And what about perspiration? That's a body excretion, too, and I'll bet you don't mind if some sweat gets in your mouth!"

Kent and Farley had been friends in high school and now that they were graduated, the friendship continued, even though Kent knew that Farley was a cocksucker and what's more, a hustler on Selma. For as long as Kent had known Farley, Farley had been begging to suck his cock, sometimes in jest, other times seriously—and as far as Farley was concerned, he meant it all the time!

They had attended Hollywood High, and since there was such a large enrollment, Farley's sexual proclivities had gone unnoticed for the most part. He appeared to be just another healthy, growing boy and Kent was the only one who knew for sure that Farley was homosexual. Farley confined his sexual activities to Hollywood Boulevard and Selma. He had been hustling these streets since he was old enough to spurt his semen, which was at the age of eleven.

He had an almost abnormal sex drive since he was about eight years old—just after he had been taught to jack off by a neighbor boy who was several years older than he. Farley was blessed with an oversize prick, and upon seeing it one day in the school boys' room, the neighbor boy had remarked on the size of Farley's peter. Farley was embarrassed, but was highly fascinated when the lad began pulling his foreskin back and forth over the head of his dick, making his well-developed pecker swell into erection.

"What are you doing?" Farley asked, mystified.

"Jacking off. Don't you ever do it?"

"No. Why do you do it?"

"You're really dumb, aren't you? Because it feels good, silly! Don't you ever get a hard-on?"

"Like you've got now?" Farley questioned, feeling a strange urge in his youthful loins as he watched Barry pump away.

"You've got to get a hard-on to make it work!"

"I usually have one of those when I wake up in the morning and have to go to the bathroom."

Barry moved closer to Farley and said huskily, "Would you like to do it for me?"

"I—I—uh—guess so." He reached over and an electric current passed through his hand as he wrapped his fist around the throbbing peter.

Farley was scarcely aware that his own dick was hard as a rock now until Barry said, "You've got a hard-on now, Farley. Look!"

He reached over and took the handsome erection in his hand. "Oooooh, that feels good!" Farley exclaimed through chattering teeth while Barry jacked him back and forth.

"Now that's jacking off!" Barry said. "Meet me after school. I know a place where no one will see us and we can do it again—okay?"

Eagerly, Farley assented and couldn't wait for school to be over so they could continue their delicious little game. All through his classes, he played with himself under the desk and had a continual hard-on until the final bell rang. He met Barry at the playground, and Barry was just as anxious to continue. Ordinarily, he wouldn't have remembered their date, but Farley's cock was larger than the other boys he played around with

and this made all the difference.

Barry led him to the garage of an unrented house on their way home and lifted up a loose board so they could crawl through into the dimly lit interior. "This is where all us guys come to jack off, Farley. Want to come with us the next time?"

Farley nodded eagerly and Barry led him to an old cast-off sofa with some springs sticking out of the worn material. "Let's take off our clothes. It feels better!" Barry said, pulling his T-shirt over his head.

Farley was game to do anything Barry suggested and followed suit. Quickly, both boys were naked and they sat down on the couch, carefully avoiding the springs. Barry's prick was already hard and as Farley watched it pulsate, his own cock became hard as a rock and Barry reached for it again. They jacked each other off in silence, Farley's eyes glazed at the marvelous feeling inspired by Barry's educated hand.

Barry spat in his palm and applied it to Farley's now scarlet crest, then continued to jack him off. "Gosh! That feels even better!" Farley exclaimed.

"I'll show you something that feels even better than that—if you'll do it back to me!"

"Okay—what?"

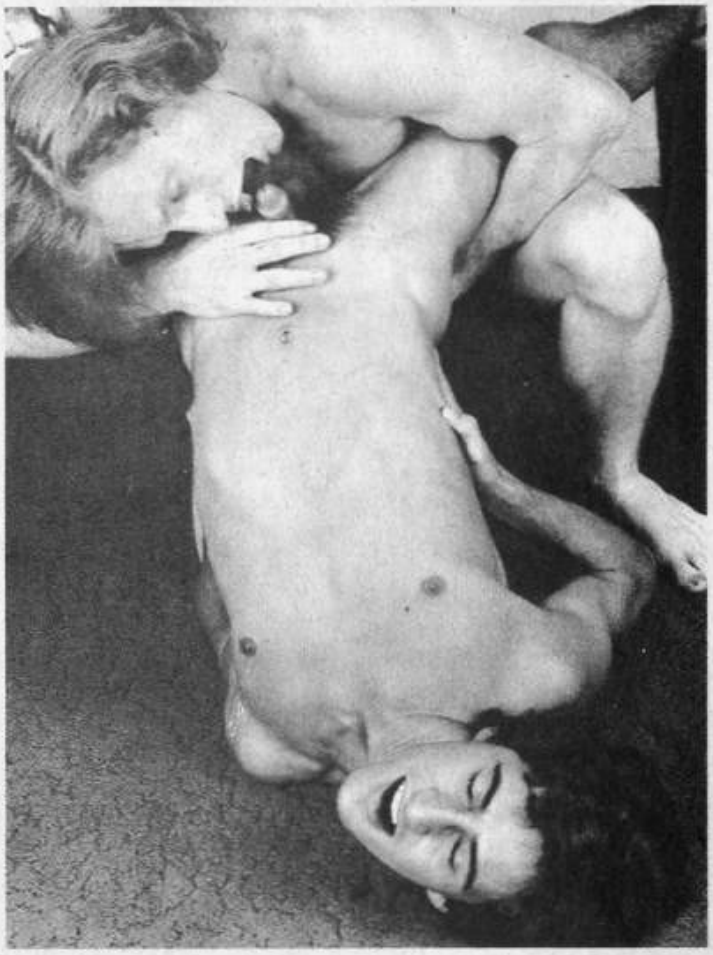
Barry bent over and began to lick Farley's crest like an ice cream cone and Farley groaned at the glorious feeling. Barry continued for several minutes to really get Farley excited, then said, "Okay—it's your turn!"

Farley had a dim feeling in the back of his brain that this was uncommon, but he wanted to feel Barry's tongue on his cock again. He knew that if he didn't do it to Barry, Barry would get mad. He grasped the base of Barry's cock and gingerly touched his tongue to the dull rose crest, then slowly, he began licking. Barry's hips began to writhe and his hands played around in Farley's long blond hair. "Put it in your mouth!" Barry whispered urgently.

Barry was still jacking him off and it seemed only natural to allow the slippery crown to ease into his mouth. "Now suck on it, Farley—not hard—don't use your teeth—oooooh! That's it! Suck it harder now!"

Suddenly, Farley's stomach muscles tightened up, his thighs stiffened and his lips drew tightly over his clenched teeth. Wild lightning bolts shot off in his loins and he "tickled" for the first time. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry, the feeling was so intensely painful—or pleasurable—he couldn't tell which! But one thing he did know, he was going to do it a lot now!

From then on, he graduated to Barry's friends, all of whom took turns sucking each other off and one night, an older boy joined the circle and Farley got his first taste of hot, starchy come—which he took to immediately. Then in high school, he had cruised Kent until he followed him to the toilet and culminated in their jacking each other off. Walking home from a movie one night after that, Farley had broached the subject of sucking and Kent was turned off. Farley admitted that he was used to it and how he was now selling his body on Selma Street.



After that, Farley propositioned Kent daily and always received the same answer. But the strange thing was that it didn't interfere with their friendship.

Suddenly, Kent reached across the table and put his hand on Farley's. "I don't know quite how to tell you this, but if you'll reach under the table, you'll find something strange!"

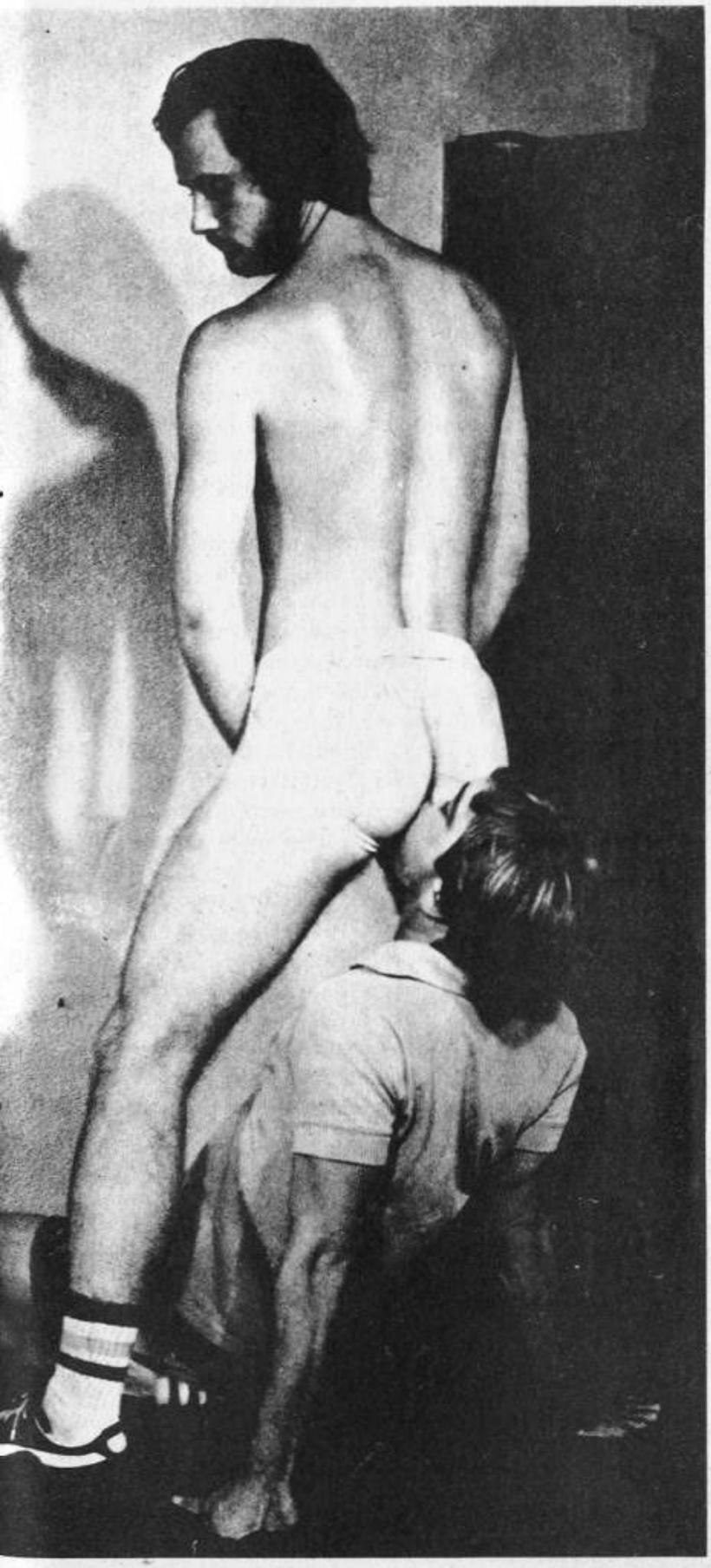
Farley reached under the table and Kent scootched down in his seat so that his hard-on touched Farley's waiting hand. "Did I finally get through to you, Kent?" Farley asked with shining eyes.

"I've been mulling it over, and the thing that makes me the hottest is to picture you sucking my cock—and I've been thinking about giving it a try myself!"

"What are we waiting for? Let's go!"

Evidently, Kent's fantasies had etched themselves in his brain, because they're still living together—at least that's what I heard last.

GRIDIRON MEAT



The game was scheduled for Saturday afternoon but, to avoid injuries and give his squad a well-earned rest, Coach O'Brien elected to end practice early on Friday afternoon. After he had dismissed the team the coach called Stosh into her office for a conference.

Basically, all it was for was to show Stosh a few new, trick plays that he was going to install into the Packer offensive arsenal. One was a variation on the old Statue of Liberty and another was a razzle-dazzle flea-flicker, where the tailback handed off to the split end coming around on a reverse who then lateralled it to the wingback, who could then either run with it or throw a long down and out to the quarterback who had sneakily circled out of the backfield, hopefully unnoticed by the oppostion.

"It's a tricky one," the coach told his team leader, "and I doubt we'll ever use it. I just wanted to teach it to you, in case we ever have to go to it."

"What do you mean by 'have to', Coach?" Stosh asked him seriously.

"Well, Stacy, you never know. We might find ourselves behind in some game with time running out. A play like this could win it for us."

Stacy nodded grimly. "Well, I hope it's an option we never have to resort to!" he said.

"You keep playing the way you've been, Stacy, and we won't have to," the coach told him. "How many touchdowns have you scored so far?" he asked.

"Gee, Coach, I don't know. I kind of lost count. I think that it was somewhere around nineteen or twenty. But then, I've got my offensive line to thank for that."

"Stacy, let me hand it to you. I didn't expect you to come so far so fast. You're going to make the high school all-American team.

"But I'm especially proud of the way you're handling the team as captain. You're holding the team together like glue. I'm very proud. You make me feel like I might really be doing a good coaching job."

"Coach, you're doing a great job. Another Knute Rockne. I mean it, all the guys think you're great," Stosh told him. That Stacy had a way with everyone. If he never made it as a pro, he'd be a shoe-in for politics. A natural.

They shook hands and Stosh Stacy went in

to the lockers to take his shower. Much to his delight, he found Danny waiting for him, completely nude, a big, wanton smile creasing his face and a lustful fire burning in his eyes.

"Hey, Danny, what's up?" Stosh called.

"Your beautiful cock, for one!" Danny answered.

Stosh looked down at his cock and damned if Danny wasn't right! His cock, excited by the sight of the naked young boy, was throbbing lewdly between his legs, coursing with blood, with drops of pre-come leaking from the pulsating tip.

"Well, what do you know!"

"Do you want me to suck it, Stosh?" Danny asked.

"Well, wait awhile kid. I'm sweaty and smelly. I need a shower before I get down, you know?"

"Sure, Stosh. I haven't taken a shower yet, either. I thought that we might be able to take one together."

"Sounds fine! Let's go!"

Stosh and the young boy walked into the shower and turned on two heads which immediately began to spray hot water down on their young bodies, washing away the sweat and grime while at the same time acting as a sort of aphrodisiac, splashing over their naked bodies excitingly. Each of them took up a bar of soap and started to lather down their fine, trim and muscular athletes' bodies.

Then Danny, a horny fifteen-year-old stud if ever there was one, got an idea.

"Hey, Stosh, you mind if I wash you?"

"All of me?" Stosh asked suggestively, fingering his cock, squeezing drops of lubricating fluid out of the tip.

"Every fucking inch!" the boy responded.

"In that case, be my guest!"

Danny took the soap into his big hand and began to rub it over Stosh's body. First, he sent the creamy smooth bar sliding over Stosh's equally creamy smooth, but taut and muscled shoulders, lathering the skin erotically. Then, moving the bar of soap around over the goose-pimply flesh of his hero with a circular motion, he worked his way down from Stosh's shoulder to his chest.

Danny took great care when he soaped up Stosh Stacy's nipples. He rubbed the creamy soap around and around over those two puckering, stiff, highly aroused dark nubbins. Stosh moaned with pleasure as he felt Danny wash down his nipples. It felt especially good when the fifteen-year-old pinched the two stiff nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

"Lick them!" Stosh asked, wanting to feel the young boy's hot mouth sucking on his aroused teats. "Lick them and bite on them!" he suggested.

Well, fifteen-year-old Danny was more than willing to suck on the football star's firm, tasty nipples. Using the water spraying out of the shower to wash his friend's chest off, Danny then lowered his mouth to one of the two brown, pouting objectives.

He stuck his tongue out and slowly licked the beads of water that clung to Stosh's skin. Then, parting his lips, he circled a nipple with his mouth, sucking on the firm, taut muscles and tonguing the bud, feeling the nipple grow even harder.

And as he sucked on Stosh's nipple he began to use the soap to wash further and further down along the star's body. The bar of slippery soap went sliding down over Stosh Stacy's tight, well-muscled stomach, pausing momentarily to tickle his navel, and then down ever further.

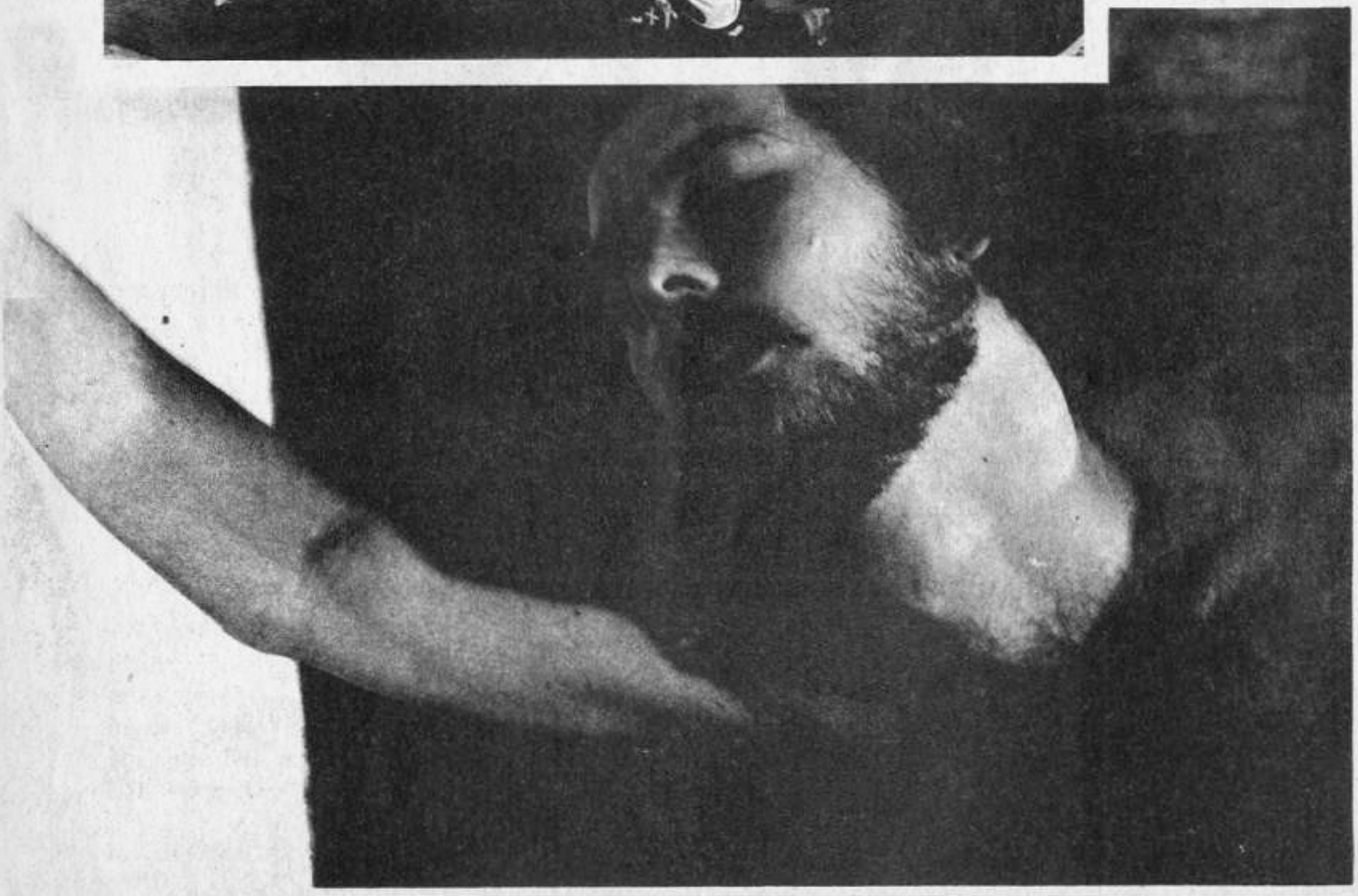
Soon, Danny was furiously running his soapy hand around over Stosh's crotch, using his pubic patch to raise a nice batch of creamy lather. The warm water splashing down and the creamy suds dripping over his crotch and the fondling hand of young Danny were all combining to get Stosh as horny as he'd ever been in his life.

As a result, his cock was pulsating frantically, turning his meat a bright, tight shade of purple. Copious amounts of pre-come were slithering out of his piss slit and his whole cock, from the head to the thick root, felt like it was on fire.

Danny took a big scoop of lather up in his hand and, using the suds as a lubricant, he started to jerk off his hero.

He began slowly, sliding his curled fingers back and forth along the enraged staff of his friend, squeezing, gripping the meat tenderly. He'd start at the swollen, knobby cockhead and slide his hand down, pausing to tease the sensitive glans with his fingertips, then massaging his way down along the long, thick staff.

When his fondling, jacking-off hand reached the base of his idol's cock it went even further, down and under, to cup the balls in his palm.



His fingers would then go to work on the wrinkled, hairy ballsack, squeezing the two nuts within their fleshy case, tickling the curly blond hairs and having the effect of making the football star very, very horny.

Stosh Stacy began to respond to this fantastic hand job by running his hands over Danny's eagerly accepting body, curling his fingers through Danny's short hair, caressing his friend's rippling neck and shoulder muscles.

The feel of the fifteen-year-old's flesh acted as an aphrodisiac on on Stacy. He knew that, besides the boy's neck and shoulders and back, there was another area of his nude body just as sumptuous, just as enticing.

He was thinking about the fifteen-year-old boy's luscious, juicy asscheeks!

"Shit, Danny, I want to fuck you!" Stosh murmured in the heat of his passions. "I want to ram my cock up that nice ass of yours!"

"Yeah, Stosh, yeah!" Danny responded throatily. "I want you to! I want you to butt-fuck me!"

Danny stood up and wrapped his arms around the football star's neck. Stosh responded by circling the thinner body of the fifteen-year-old boy with his own strong, muscled arms. There, as the hot water of the shower rained down on them, they pressed their young, soaped up and slippery smooth bodies together.

Their mouths swept towards one another. Danny's lips found Stosh's and parted to admit Stosh's fat, probing tongue. Stacy licked the inside of his friend's mouth with the tip of his probing spear, flicking it at Danny's cheeks and teeth and the ridges the ran along the top of Danny's mouth.

Their two tongue, hot and wet and drooling with saliva, wrestled together, driving both of them higher and higher in their passions. And as they kissed they humped their crotches together.

It was a highly erotic feeling they got from sliding their wet, hard, soapy cocks together. So erotic, in fact, that Stosh pulled his lips from Danny's and broke the embrace.

"Turn around," he husked. "Turn around and bend over. I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before."

Danny trembled with excitement. He was finally going to get it! He was finally going to feel the football star's big one shoved up his tight, wanting shit chute!

Oh boy!

Eagerly and without delay, Danny bent over, almost doubled in half. He grabbed a firm hold of his ankles so that his butt was sticking high in the air, just waiting to be assaulted by the mammoth, rock hard reamer of his hero.

Stosh looked down at the young boy's ass that was staring him right in the face and he smacked his lips. It was truly a sight to behold!

Two firm, rounded and milky white asscheeks, creamy mounds of goodness, one on either side. And between them the real prize...Danny's small, star-shaped asshole. A brown and pink, puckering furrow, tight as a Scotsman, just waiting for Stosh Stacy to bury his big pole right up between the pulsing pink nether lips!

But before Stosh creamed his cock into that shit chute, he wanted to taste it first.

So the football star bent over, lowering his head toward the boy's inviting ass. He reached down and grabbed a firm hold of Danny's asscheeks, spreading them apart with his fingers, making them ready.

Then, after admiring the pretty target of his affections for awhile, Stosh buried his face right in between those hot, spread apart buns!

"Ohhhh, yeahhhhh!" Danny moaned as he felt Stosh's hot tongue burn into his clutching nether hole. "Ummmmm!" he murmured as Stosh pushed that tongue deeper and deeper into the tight hole, licking it delightfully, swishing his tongue around and using the tip of it to abrade Danny's sensitive anal walls.

As Stosh slowly fucked his tongue into the boy's asshole he also sucked on the sphincter, creating intensely erotic sensations that went ripping through the boy's naked body.

Never before had anyone rimmed him so well. This Stosh Stacy could do more than just play football—a lot more.

But just how many things that Stosh Stacy could do exceedingly well Danny did not yet know.

But, he was soon to find out!

Stosh, convinced that the fifteen-year-old's delicious asshole was sufficiently lubed up with spit and saliva, removed his mouth away from the brown nubbin and made ready. As an added precaution, he took a bar and soap and lathered up his dick till it was good and slippery.

Then, he took his soaped-up cock in his

hand and placed the tip of it right at the entrance to Danny's spit-filled asshole.

"Give it to me, Stosh!" Danny crooned, wiggling his ass around to had to the effect. His asshole was contracting and expanding, needing to be reamed, but good!

So Stacy pushed with his hips, leaning forward against the young boy, struggling but finally succeeding, forcing the gigantic purple knob of his dick up the boy's tight young anus!

"Oh, shit!" Danny screamed as he felt the big mushroom-shaped cockhead pop into his anal entrance. His ass muscles were convulsing wildly around the big invading meat, massaging it with a motion that sent shivers of wild delight shooting up Stosh's cock and into his brain.

Stosh pushed forward some more, sliding his shaft in between Danny's white asscheeks and his puckering nether lips. In, deeper and deeper into Danny's bowels the big one burrowed, delighting both of the lovers.

Stacy's big meat seemed to fill up every single inch of the fifteen-year-old's shit cavern. And Danny loved it, loved to feel his hero's giant shaft shoving itself into his nether regions.

He just couldn't get enough of it!

He started humping his ass up against the fierce cock that Stosh was pumping down his teenage asshole. Harder and harder, faster and faster the young boy ground his bottom against Stosh's crotch, sucking more and more of that big thick fleshy muscle down into his gaping, seathing furrow.

"Ummpphhh!" Danny groaned as the football hero shoved his meat down his tight teen shit tube. "Ohhh, fuck me harder! Fuck my ass off, you big stud!"

Well, that's exactly what Stosh had in mind. He wanted to fuck Danny's hard, gooey fifteen year-old ass as an ass had never been screwed before. He wanted to blast off into outer space, with his dick as the rocket and Danny's ass as the meaty launching pad.

With this aim in mind, Stosh Stacy began to pump his big reamer into the young boy's anal passage as if he were running for a touchdown in the final minutes of the championship game. With a fearsome in and out, up and down sawing motion he was really jerking his big, long and thick cock down that youngster's aft tube.

Stosh was getting dizzy, he was fucking the boy so hard. His head was spinning around and wild, beautiful colors were swirling through his brain. Delicious shivers of wondrous pleasure shot through his lust-sotted body as he fucked the young chicken up his nether hole.

And looking down, Stosh Stacy could see the fantastic picture of his big, long meat sliding up and down, burying itself between Danny's firm white asscheeks and disappearing into the tight, brown and pink puckering hole that was centered between Danny's two vanilla mounds.

That got Stosh Stacy even more excited. There was nothing he liked better than watching his cock fuck its way down into a young chicken's tight asshole. Stosh liked his fucking and he liked them young.

And this Danny fulfilled all of the requirements!

The two football players were really into their fucking now. One, the star, was shoving his gigantic big one down the other's, the young boy's, tight, gaping asshole. His thighs were slapping roughly up against the chicken's buttocks, his balls were swinging back and forth rapidly, and his big prick was sliding up and down hornily between the boy's tender, delicious nether lips.

"Oh, give it to me, Stosh!" Danny screamed, humping his ass up wildly to meet the rhythmic thrusts of his lover. "Shove your big cock right up my asshole! Make it come out my mouth! Oh, yeah, fuck me till you shoot your gism all over me! Oh, yeah!!!"

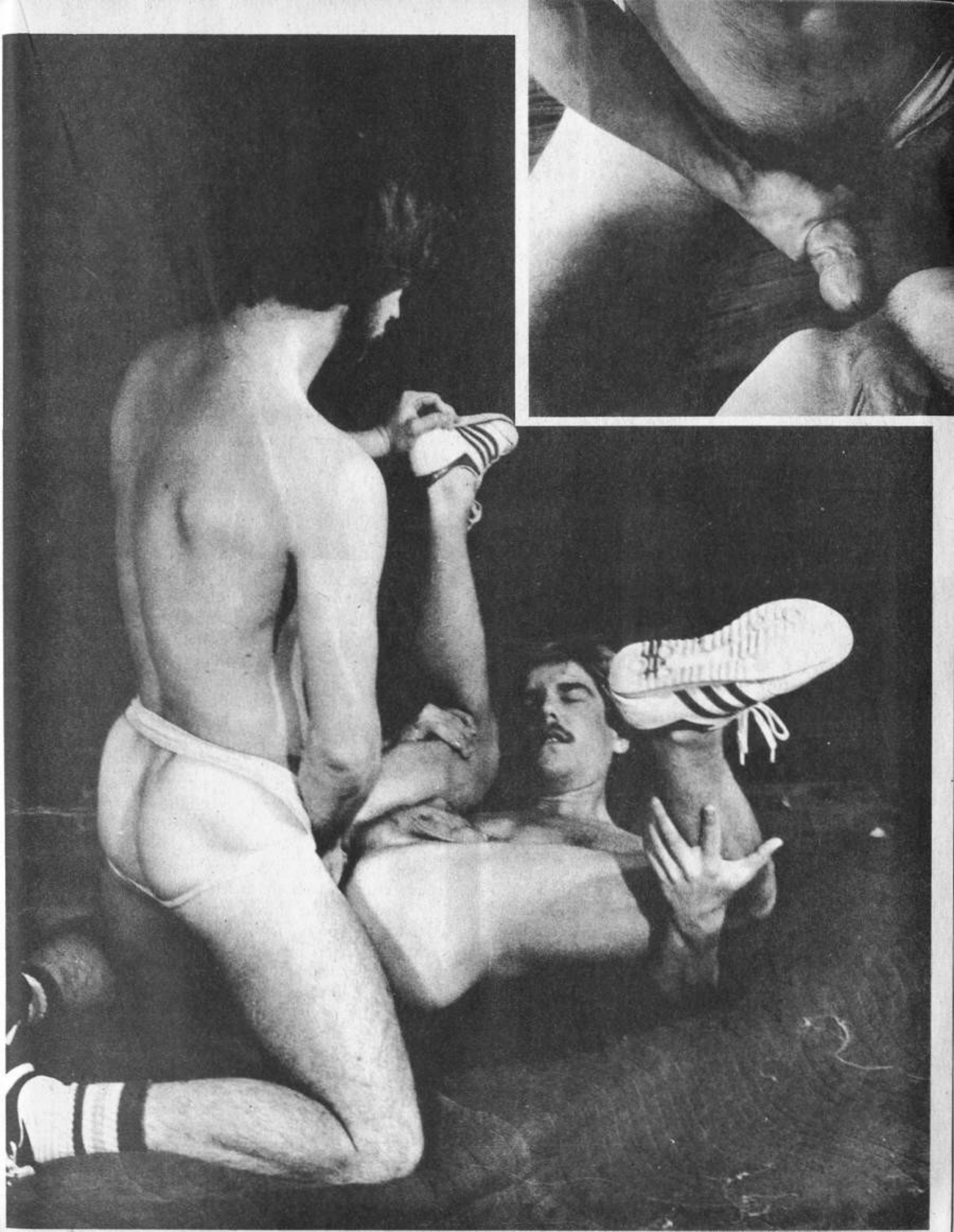
The obscene, lusful screams of the young boy made Stosh Stacy even hornier. He could feel his come beginning to get close and he knew that soon he'd be creaming his jizz all the way up into the fifteen-year-old's bowels.

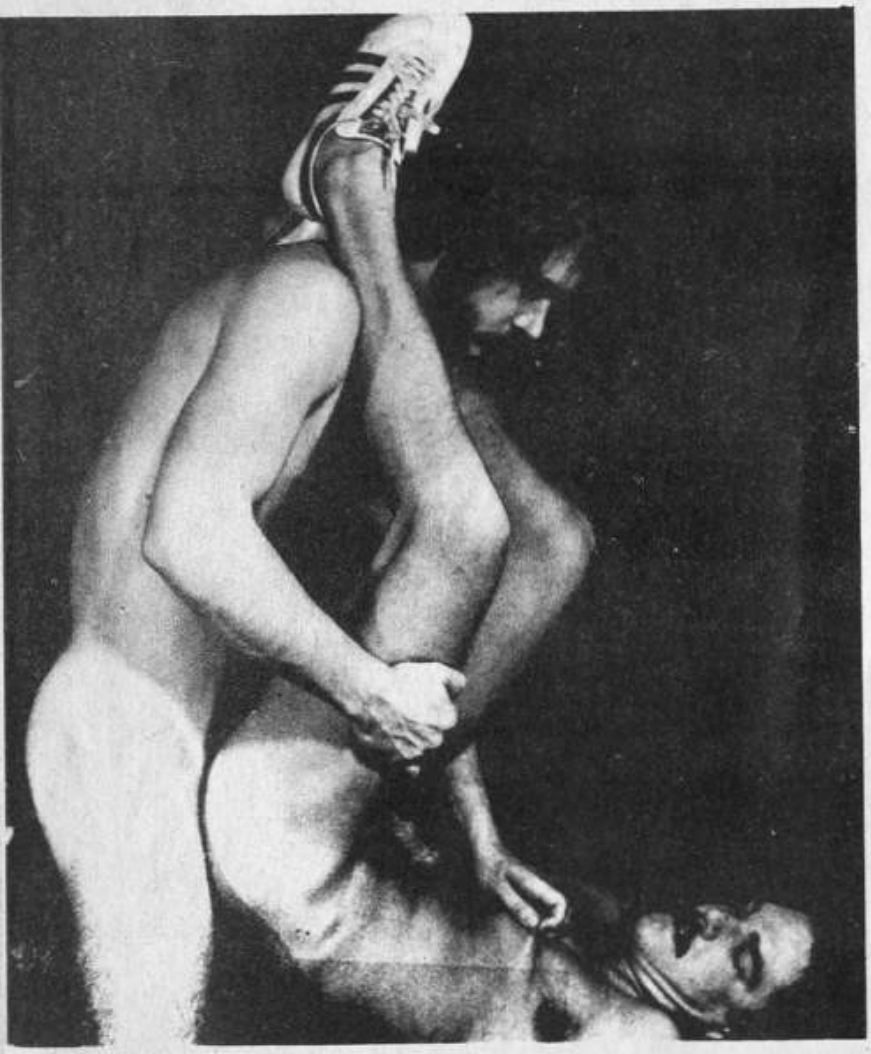
Oh, yeah, it was going to be great!

But, Stosh decided, it would be even better if the young boy could come with him. That would make it perfect, both of them creaming their juice together!

But Stosh knew that it was impossible to fuck each other up the ass at the same time. There was, however, nothing to prevent Stosh from jerking his buddy off at the same time that he was fucking him!

So as Stosh continued to ram his burgeoning member up the tight, creaming anus of the young chicken, Stosh bent over his body and reached an arm around under the young boy.





He groped around with his hand for a second, but it really wasn't hard to find.

Yes, there it is! Stosh's fingers now had Danny hard, jerking cock in their sure grip!

As he fucked into Danny's asshole, Stosh started to jack his young conquest off. His long, thick finger circled Danny's big meat and slowly, ever so tenderly, began to slide up and down the length of the wildly throbbing young cock.

He squeezed it as he jerked it off, massaging the pulsing meat with his skillful fingers. His fingertips also took care to gently tickle the sensitive glans under the head of the young boy's hard-on, and he even reached down to cup Danny's balls and caress them tenderly.

Sharp, lustful shivers were running through Danny's body. The feel of Stosh's hand working over his cock, combined with the exquisite fuck job that Stosh was bestowing upon his asshole, were beginning to do strange things to the youngster's brain.

Never before in his fifteen years had Danny Morgan been so turned on!

Oh, he'd had quite a few fucks and sucks before. As early as the age of eleven years he had sucked the cock of his coach in grammar school. In return, the coach let Danny shove his thin little eleven-year-old reamer up the coach's asshole.

That had been the first taste that Danny had ever gotten of cock-sucking or butt-fucking. Of course, it had been far from the last. Danny had taken to it all like a duck to water. He found out that he, for some reason or another, preferred getting fucked up the ass to fucking up the ass.

He just loved to feel a nice thick and long piece of meat burrowing down his shit chute! Nothing in the world made him feel so alive!

In fact, Danny loved getting fucked in the ass so much that most of the time he could come just from the fucking, without even having anyone jack him off or suck him.

And right now, as Stosh Stacy, his hero, fucked his ass, Danny felt like he was going to come any minute. No one had ever fucked him the way that Stosh was fucking him. He was the best!

So, when Stosh started to jack him off to boot, you can imagine how the young boy felt! It was like having your cake and eating it, too. Danny, no matter how hard he thought, could not imagine anything being better than what was happening to him now.

It was almost time. Stosh was shoving his big one up the boy's asshole at an incredible pace, pushing it in and pulling it out, feeling every delicious gyrations of Danny's inner ass muscles as they squeezed and massaged the invading member.

And Danny was feeling almost the same incredible feelings from having his ass screwed by a big thick cock at the same time that a wonderful, knowing hand was jerking off his lovely, fifteen-year-old cock!

Then they started to come. Danny, being the younger and the less experienced of the two, started to squirt out his semen in long, gooey globs that shoot across the shower room and coated the slippery tiles with an even more slippery substance.

Danny's chicken jizz literally ripped out of his loins and cascaded over the locker room in delicious, white gobs of scum. His whole body began to shake as he came and it was all he could do to maintain his balance and not fall over.

Just as Danny was about half-way done with coming, he began to feel Stosh's cock move around in his ass, but move around in a different way than it had been doing during most of the fuck-session. Because now it seemed that, rather than the controlled in and out motions that Danny was used to, Stosh Stacy's cock was jerking into him in a mostly uncontrolled way.

A second later Danny found out why.

"Oh, yeah!" the chicken moaned as he felt the first burst of his friend's come ricochetting off his inner ass membranes.

"Oh, yeah! Shoot that come up my ass, Stosh!" the horny young boy demanded.

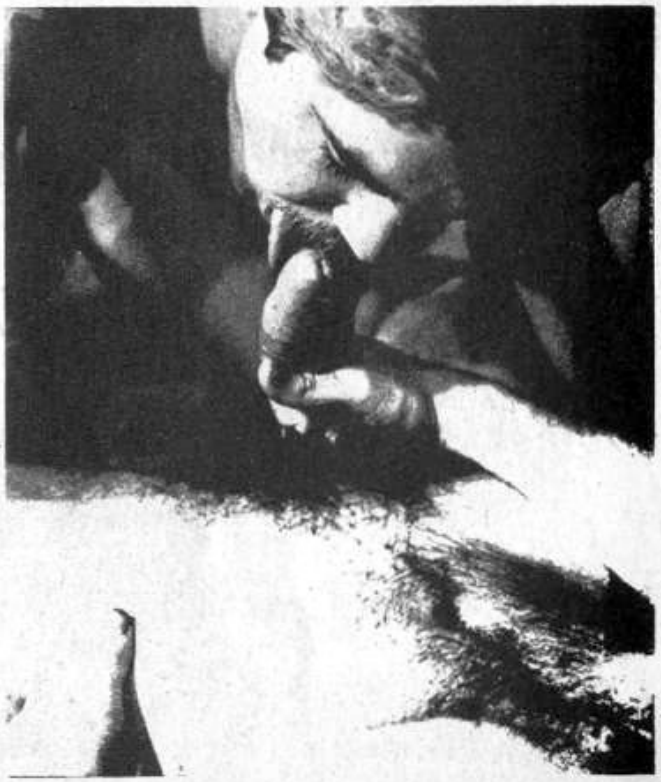
"You bet I will, Danny!" Stosh responded, humping harder and harder into the tender, sweet and delectable asshole of the fifteen-year old. Stosh could feel his burning hot gism rocketting out of his cock at supersonic speed, gushing voluminously up into Danny's heaving, accepting bowels.

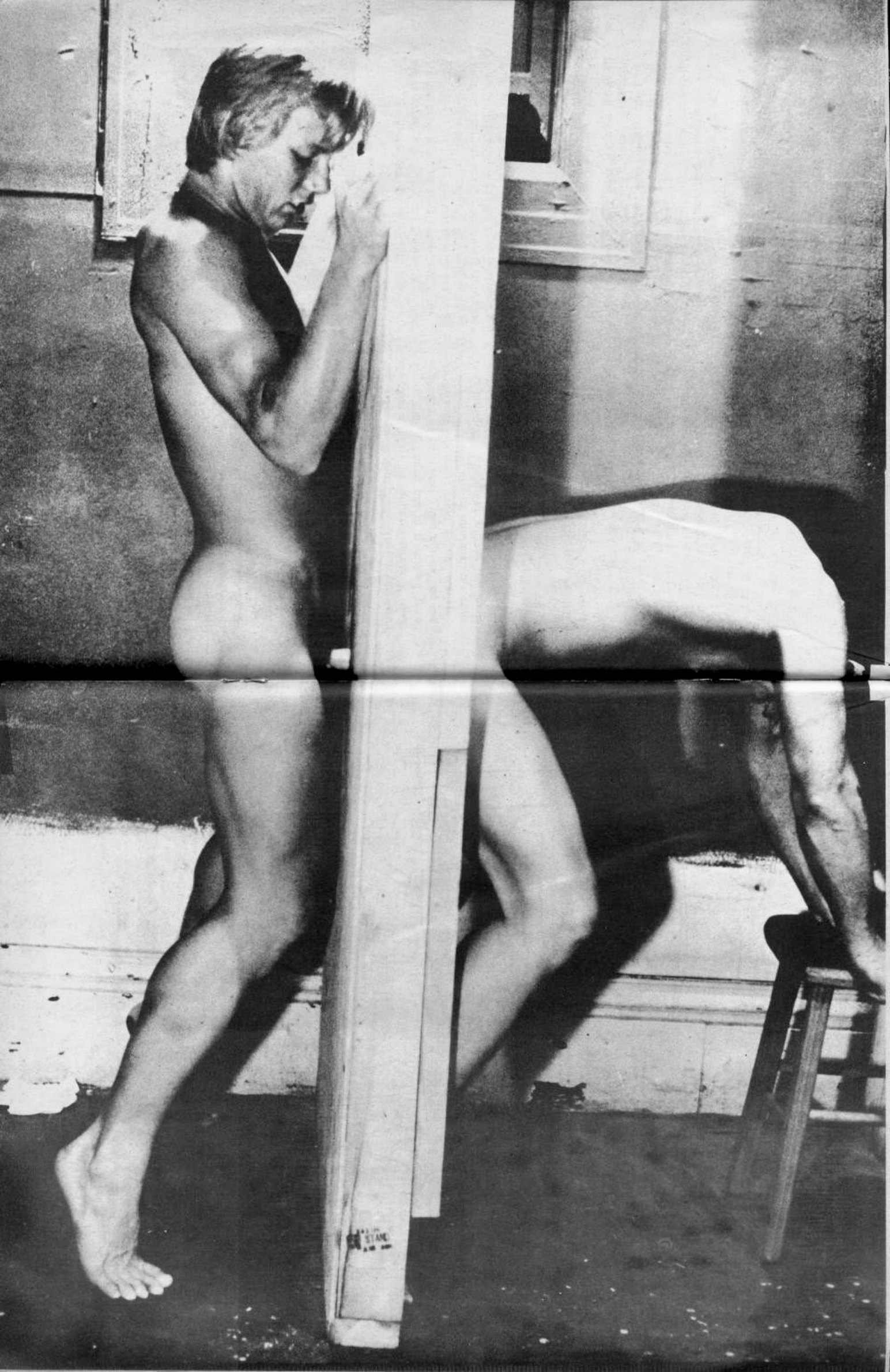
"OH, YEAH!" Stacy bellowed, feeling more and more of his creamy love juice splatter up the boy's tight, massaging anal cavity.

Stosh threw his head back as he continued to come, continued to shove his hot poker up the young football player's gaping furrow. And he also continued to jack off the still squirting prick of the chicken, feeling the long member pulse in his grip, feeling the sticky jizz juice cover his thick fingers.

In a little while, both of them were coming again, shooting their tasty, salty-sweet come into each other's mouth and slurping it down like a malted milk shake.

Those two youngsters made quite a pair!





GAY GIGGLES

A frank female rebel named Glutz
Disdained any ifs, ands, or buts;
When they asked what she'd need
To be totally freed
Of her hang-up, her answer was "Nuts!"

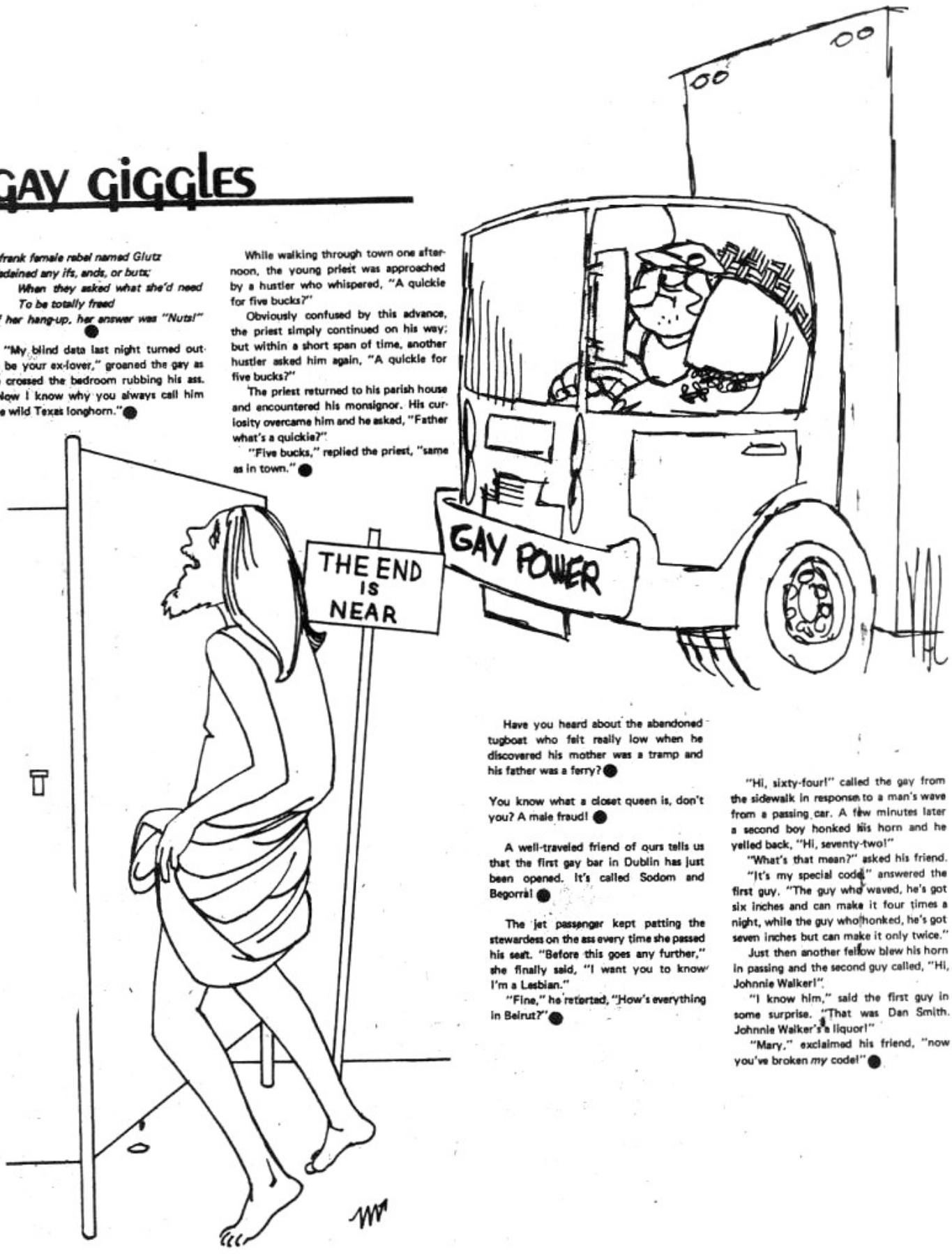
"My blind data last night turned out to be your ex-lover," groaned the gay as he crossed the bedroom rubbing his ass. "Now I know why you always call him the wild Texas longhorn."

While walking through town one afternoon, the young priest was approached by a hustler who whispered, "A quickie for five bucks?"

Obviously confused by this advance, the priest simply continued on his way; but within a short span of time, another hustler asked him again, "A quickie for five bucks?"

The priest returned to his parish house and encountered his monsignor. His curiosity overcame him and he asked, "Father what's a quickie?"

"Five bucks," replied the priest, "same as in town."



Have you heard about the abandoned tugboat who felt really low when he discovered his mother was a tramp and his father was a ferry?

You know what a closet queen is, don't you? A male fraud!

A well-traveled friend of ours tells us that the first gay bar in Dublin has just been opened. It's called Sodom and Begorra!

The jet passenger kept patting the stewardess on the ass every time she passed his seat. "Before this goes any further," she finally said, "I want you to know I'm a Lesbian."

"Fine," he retorted, "How's everything in Beirut?"

"Hi, sixty-four!" called the gay from the sidewalk in response to a man's wave from a passing car. A few minutes later a second boy honked his horn and he yelled back, "Hi, seventy-two!"

"What's that mean?" asked his friend.

"It's my special code," answered the first guy. "The guy who waved, he's got six inches and can make it four times a night, while the guy who honked, he's got seven inches but can make it only twice."

Just then another fellow blew his horn in passing and the second guy called, "Hi, Johnnie Walker!".

"I know him," said the first guy in some surprise. "That was Dan Smith. Johnnie Walker's a liquor!"

"Mary," exclaimed his friend, "now you've broken *my* code!"

SUCK A COCK

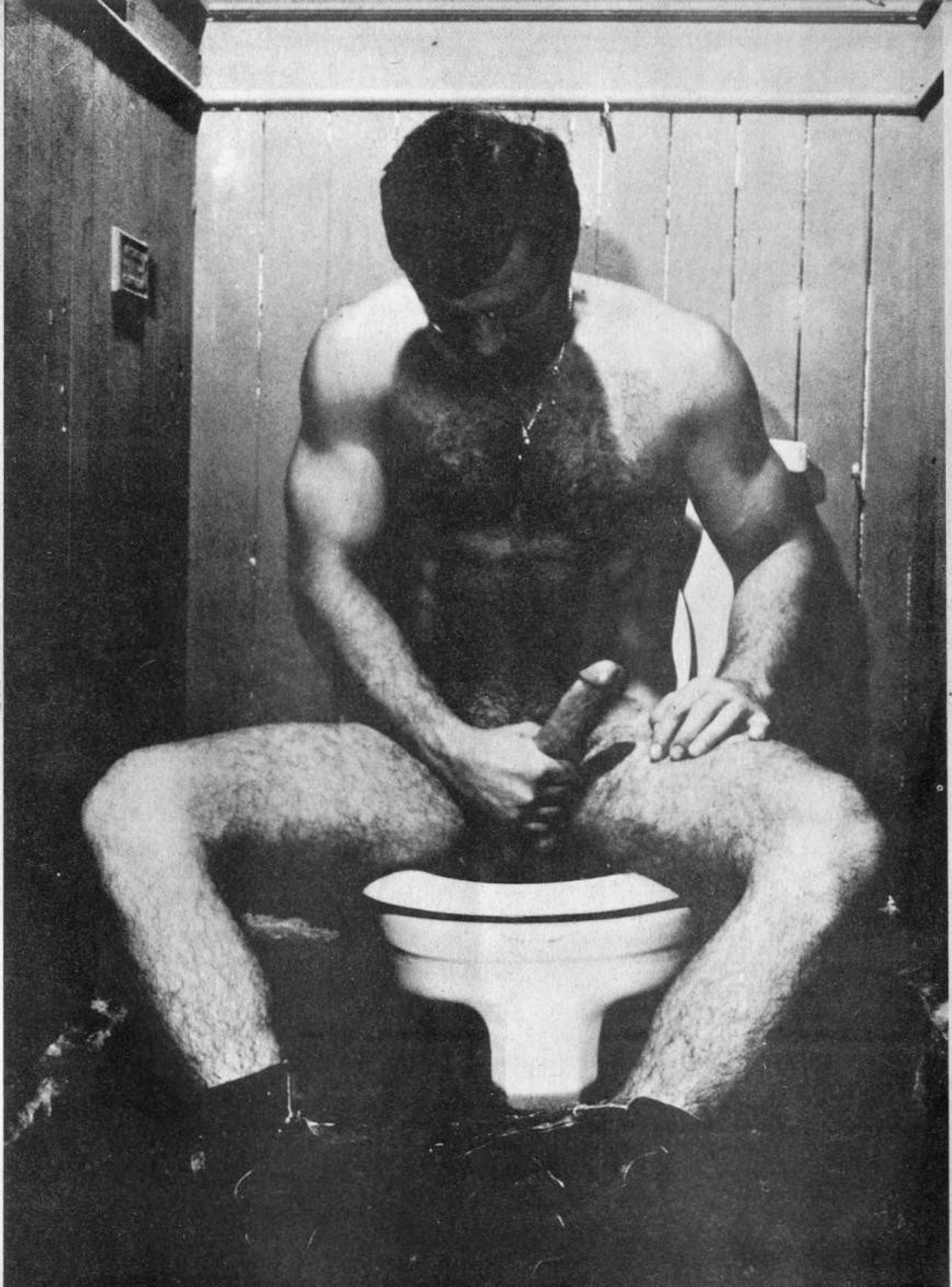
"When am I going to be able to get out of this fucking town?" Gig Barnes asked himself disconsolately. He scuffed his feet along the streets of Eureka, California and wished for a miracle to relieve him of this place.

Gig was a handsome, dark-haired boy and seemed to be cut out of the same mold as his contemporaries—but he wasn't! Something had happened to him the summer before—something that he had never guessed could be true—but he found out in no uncertain terms that it was! He was as queer as a silver lamé hanky, and there was no getting around it! At a fishing camp on Humboldt Bay, he had attended a fish fry given by the father of one of his friends and he had

drunk his first bellyfull of beer. One of the guests was a huge redheaded giant of a lumberjack–a relative of the host's–and he had seen Gig's youthful, boyish beauty as an object to be conquered.

His name was Cam and he had guessed that the unnatural light in Gig's eye was an innocent come-on and his enormous pecker had immediately fought to get out of his pants. Coming up behind Gig, he whispered, "I'll get us some beer and we can sneak away to drink it. Want to?"

They never did get back to the party. Cam had him undressed before he knew it, Gig not minding because Cam undressed first and had a fabulous hard-on jutting from his blond loins, the likes of which Gig had never seen. Cam gathered some moss and small leafy branches and made them a bed under the starlight, insisting that Gig match



him swallow for swallow in a beer drinking contest. Naturally, Gig couldn't confess to this being his first beer and Cal, knowing it all the time, took advantage of it.

Cal appraised his youthful body appreciatively and remarked on what a nice cock Gig had. In his present state, Gig ate up the compliments and was completely at ease as he inspected Cam's gigantic cock from close range. "Would you like to feel it?" Cam asked huskily.

Gig reached out his hand tentatively and Cam helped him by thrusting his pelvis forward to meet the hand. Gig's fist couldn't even go all the way around it and in awe, he inquired, "Just how big is that thing, Cam?"

"Bigger than most!" Cam replied proudly. "Ever sucked a cock, Gig?"

The beer made Gig bold and he replied, "No–I've heard of it, but I've never known anyone who did it. Do you?"

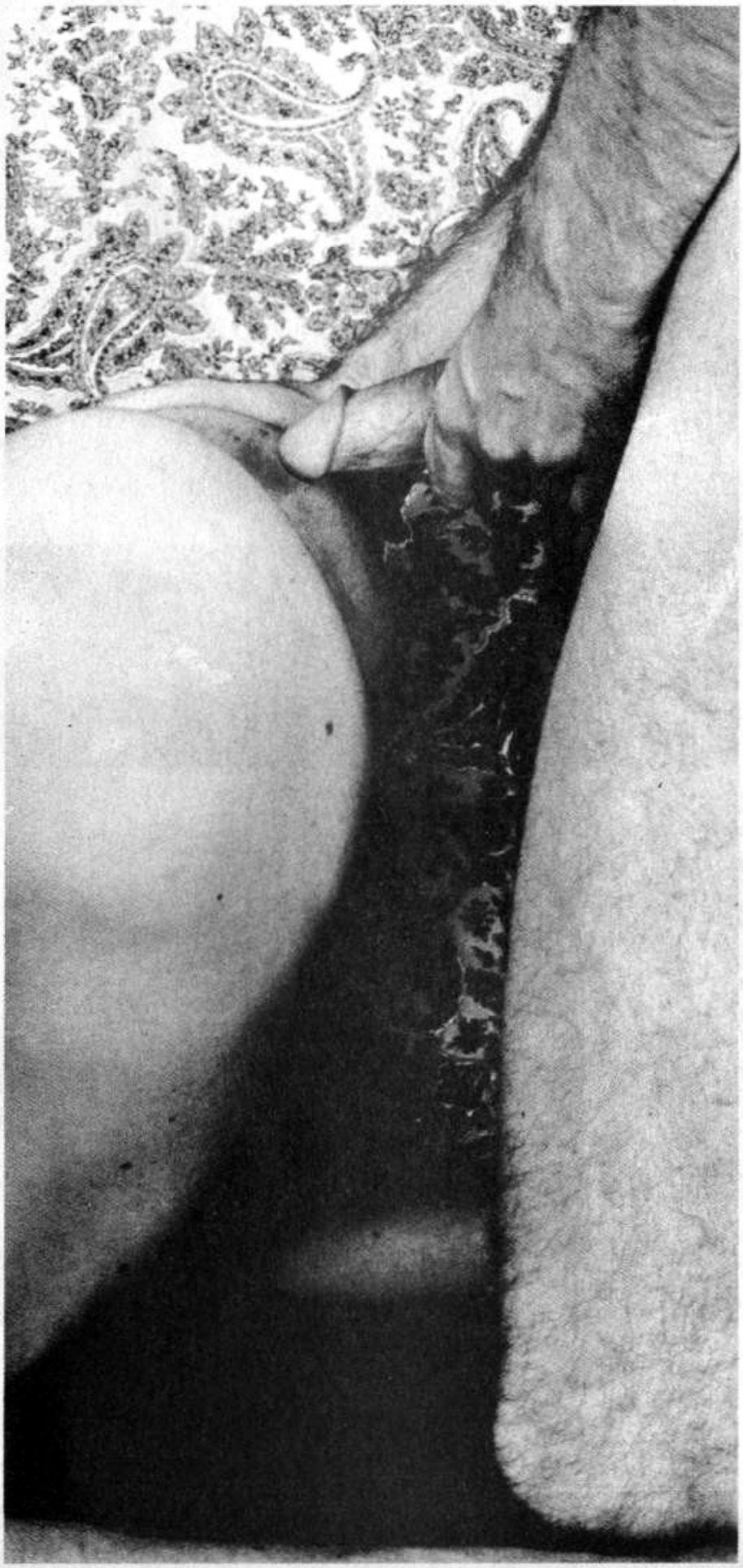
"You forget that I'm a lumberman, Gig. What do you suppose we do for sex–jack off all the time?"

"You mean that you guys suck each other's cock?"

Cam chuckled and replied, "You can bet your sweet ass we do! Want me to show you how it's done?"

Gig had never been in such an affable mood and said, "Sure! I've already got a hard-on!"

"As if I didn't know that already!" Cam bent over Gig's mid-section and licked his drooling, helmet-shaped, snub-nosed crest. That did it for Gig–before the night was over, he had been sucked, sucked Cam and learned to sixty-nine. In the morning, Cam was gone for another six months and Gig searched the whole town for someone to share his new found secret with, but either there were no other cock-suckers in town or Gig was a very unsuccessful cruiser because there was no one to find.



He decided to stop in the drug store and have a Coke and went in. Sitting on the stool sideways, looking at the magazine covers, he suddenly spotted a blond boy sitting at the other end of the counter. Unaware that he was staring, the lad smiled at him and motioned to the stool beside him. In a daze, Gig picked up his half-finished Coke and glided to the offered seat. "Hello," the platinum-haired boy said warmly, "I'm new in Eureka and I have no friends. What's your name?"

"Gig Barnes. What's yours?"

"Darcy Waldor. Is there any fun to be had in this place?"

"The movies–some dances–fishing, hiking . . ."

"I wasn't exactly talking about that. How's it for sex?"

Gig grinned and said, "I suppose we've got our share of bad girls!"

"Oh, man! Are you square!"

Gig frowned and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Why don't you come home with me and I'll show you."

Gig's hopes soared as he looked into Darcy's dancing eyes. Could Darcy be the one he had been searching for? He did something he'd never done before and dropped his napkin so that he could look at Darcy's crotch. His gaze was rewarded by a well stuffed left leg of Darcy's pants. "I guess I can come home with you–I'm just putting in wasted time," he remarked.

As they walked toward Darcy's home, Darcy asked, "Do you like boys very much?"

Surprised at the question, but not wanting to turn Darcy off, he replied, "I had a real good friend last summer—a lumberjack from one of the camps."

"Aha! A huge, virile lumberjack, huh?"

"Yeah. He was blond—not as blond as you, but awfully good looking."

"Do I take that for a compliment?" Darcy asked innocently.

"I meant it to be one! And you look like you're built pretty much like him, too!" Gig said brazenly, looking down at Darcy's well-stuffed crotch.

"Hey! You really come on! Do you know what you're talking about?"

"*I* do—do you?"

"I think we're on the same wave length. You dig playing around with other guys—right?"

"I'll admit it if you will!"

"Why do you think I asked you to come home with me?"

Gig's spirits soared at this revelation and he said, "I hope you don't mind, but I've got a hard-on that won't quit! I hope it isn't showing too much!"

"The bigger the better!" Darcy exclaimed, "and I'm goddamned glad we're almost home!"

"What are we going to do?"

"Anything you're capable of—and I thought Eureka was going to be such a dull burg!"

They entered the quiet house and Darcy said, "Get undressed and I'll fix us a Coke."

Gig stripped hurriedly, the excitement making his prick go soft when he wanted it at its utmost! Darcy slipped back quietly into the room, naked and unseen, because Gig had his eyes closed and he was jacking off furiously to

get his erection to where it had been before.

"What are you trying to do—come without me?" Darcy asked in a feigned pout.

Gig opened his eyes and replied shamefacedly, "No—I just wanted it to be as big as possible when you came back!"

"Well, maybe this will help you!" Darcy said, getting on his knees between Gig's spread thighs and kissing the head of Gig's cock.

"That's pretty good, but just stand in front of me and show me your hard-on—that'll make me harder faster than anything I know!"

"Don't worry about it!" Darcy replied languorously. "We've got plenty of time and I'm sure I have things to show you that will make your ding-dong stand on end!"

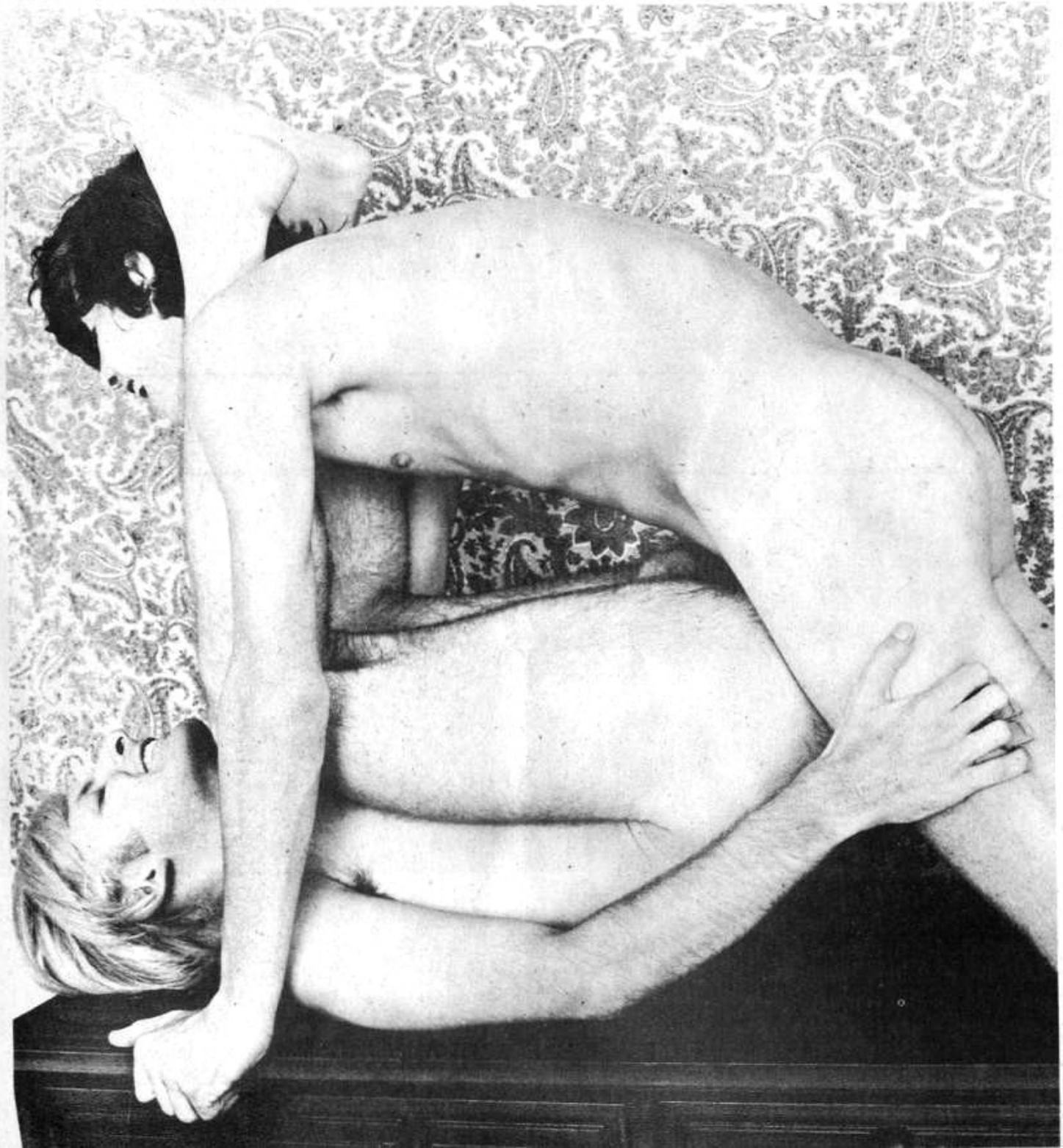
Gig looked at the beautiful monster jutting from Darcy's loins and said, "Just don't lie to me if we're going to be good friends."

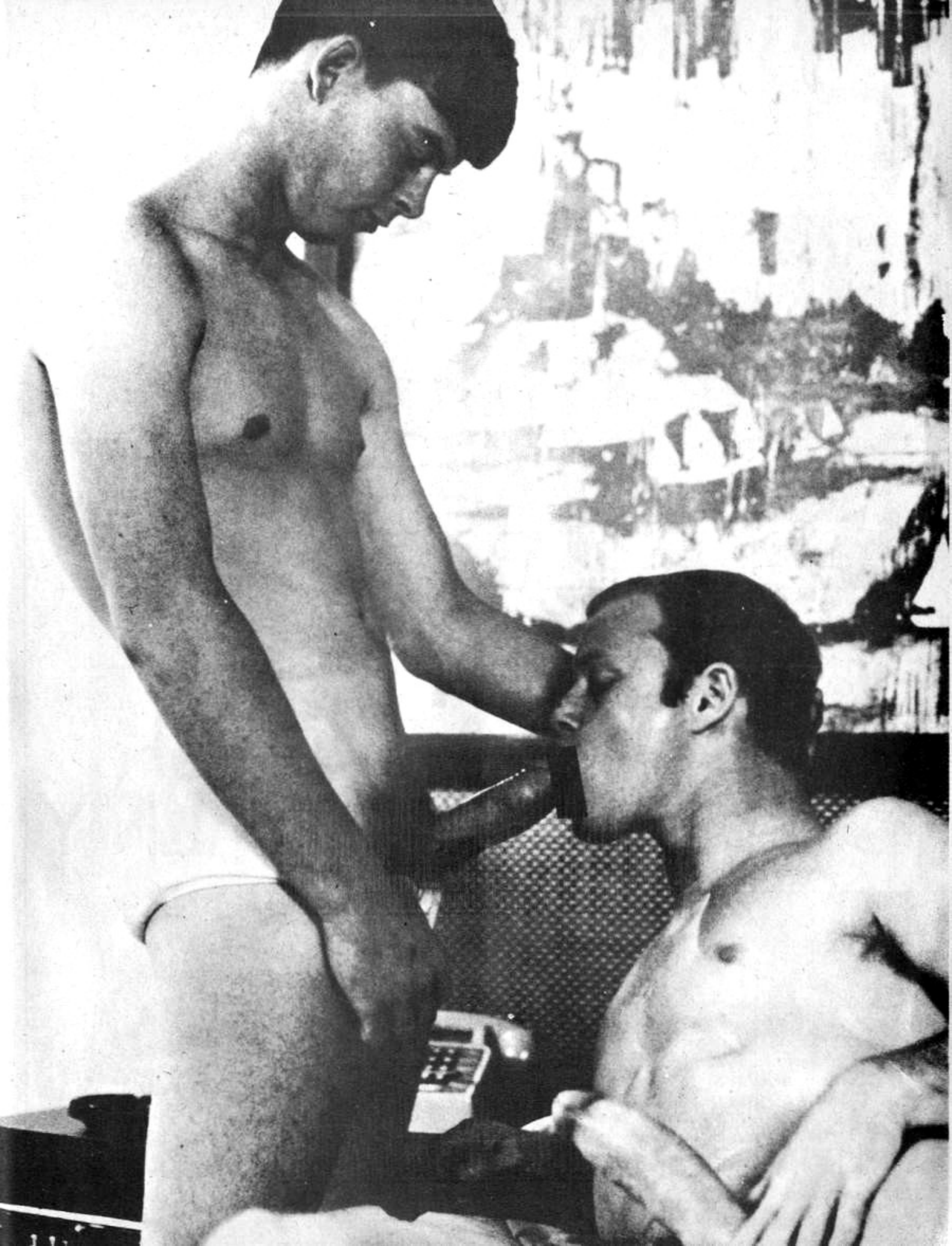
"What do you mean?" Darcy asked, puzzled.

Gig looked at Darcy and a slow smile played around his lips. "You might fool everybody but me!"

"I still don't get it!"

Gig pointed at the dark pubic curls from whence the magnificent giant sprang and said, "You're not a true blond—*that's* for sure!"





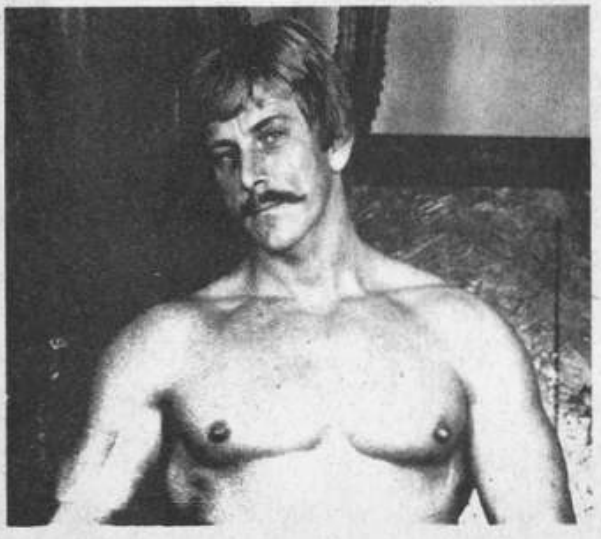
BLU

1

HEARTY APPETITES

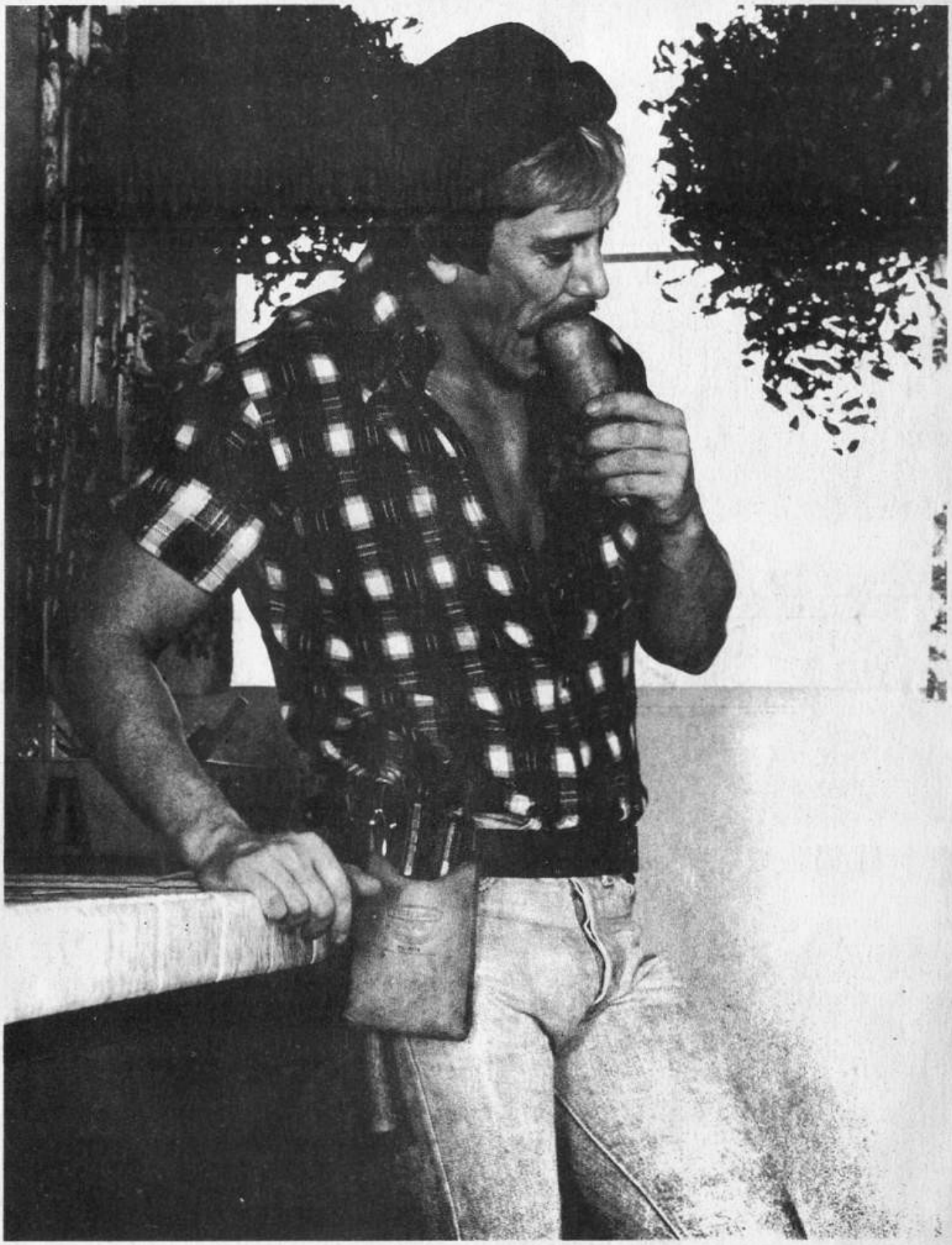
2

LAID BACK SENSUALITY

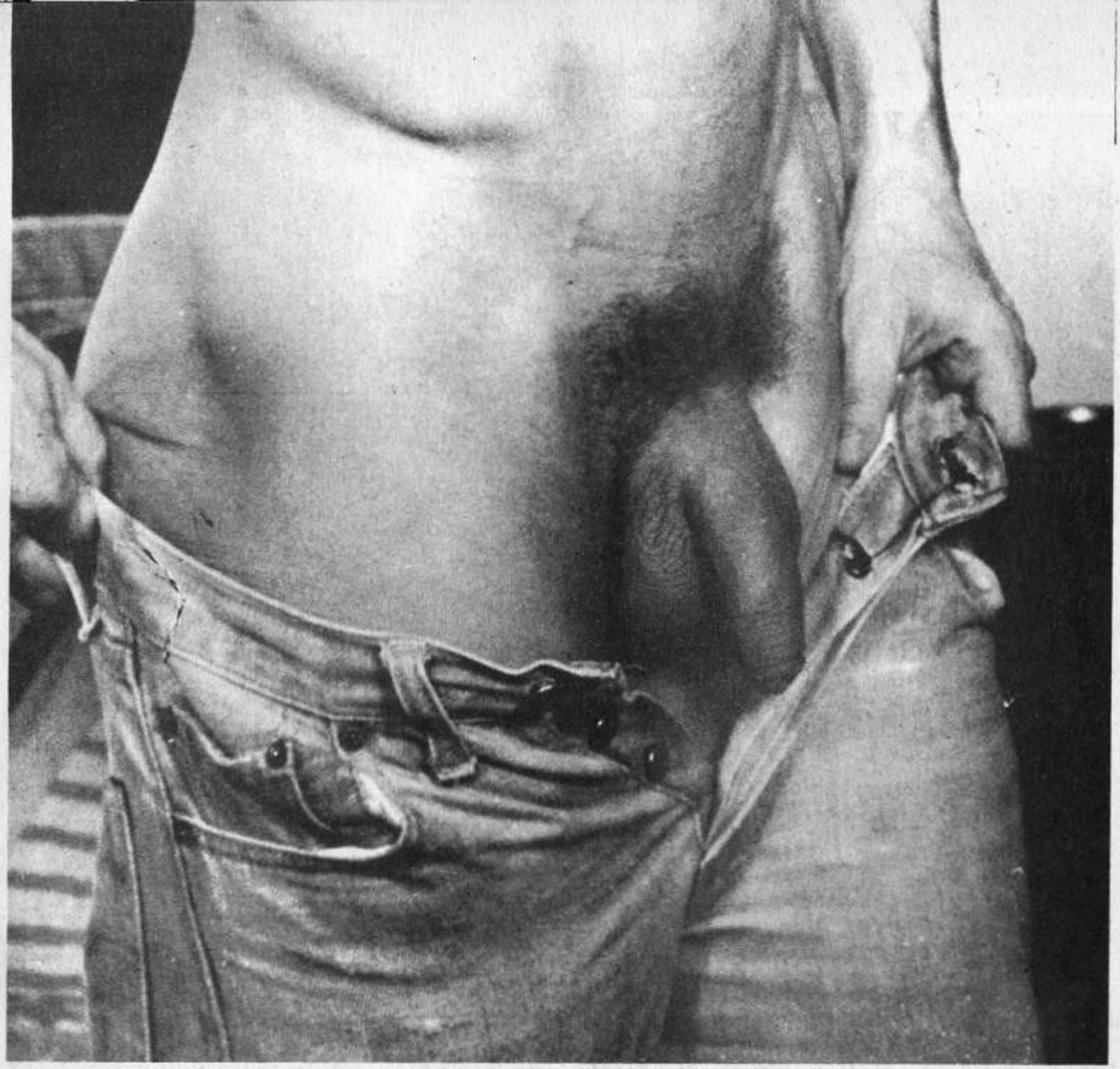


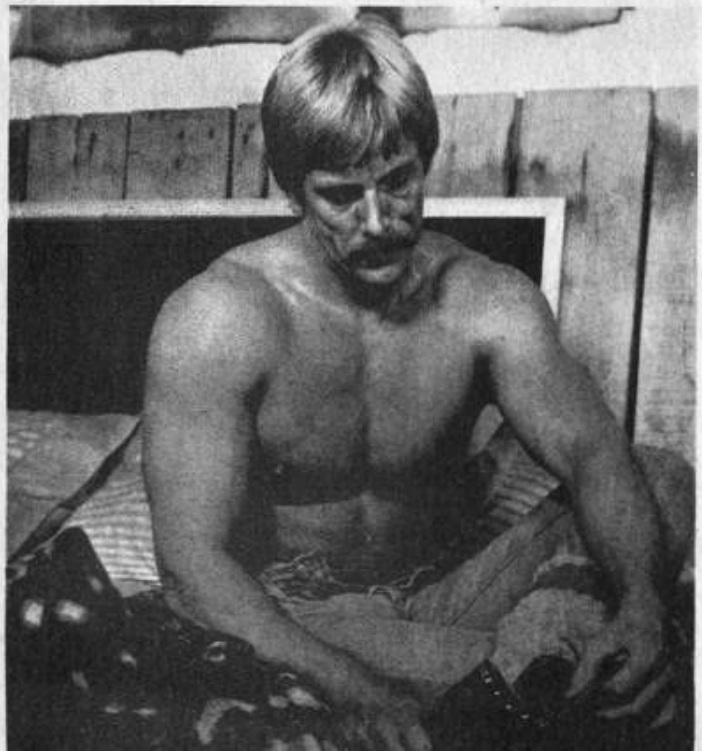
3

MANLY PLEASURES



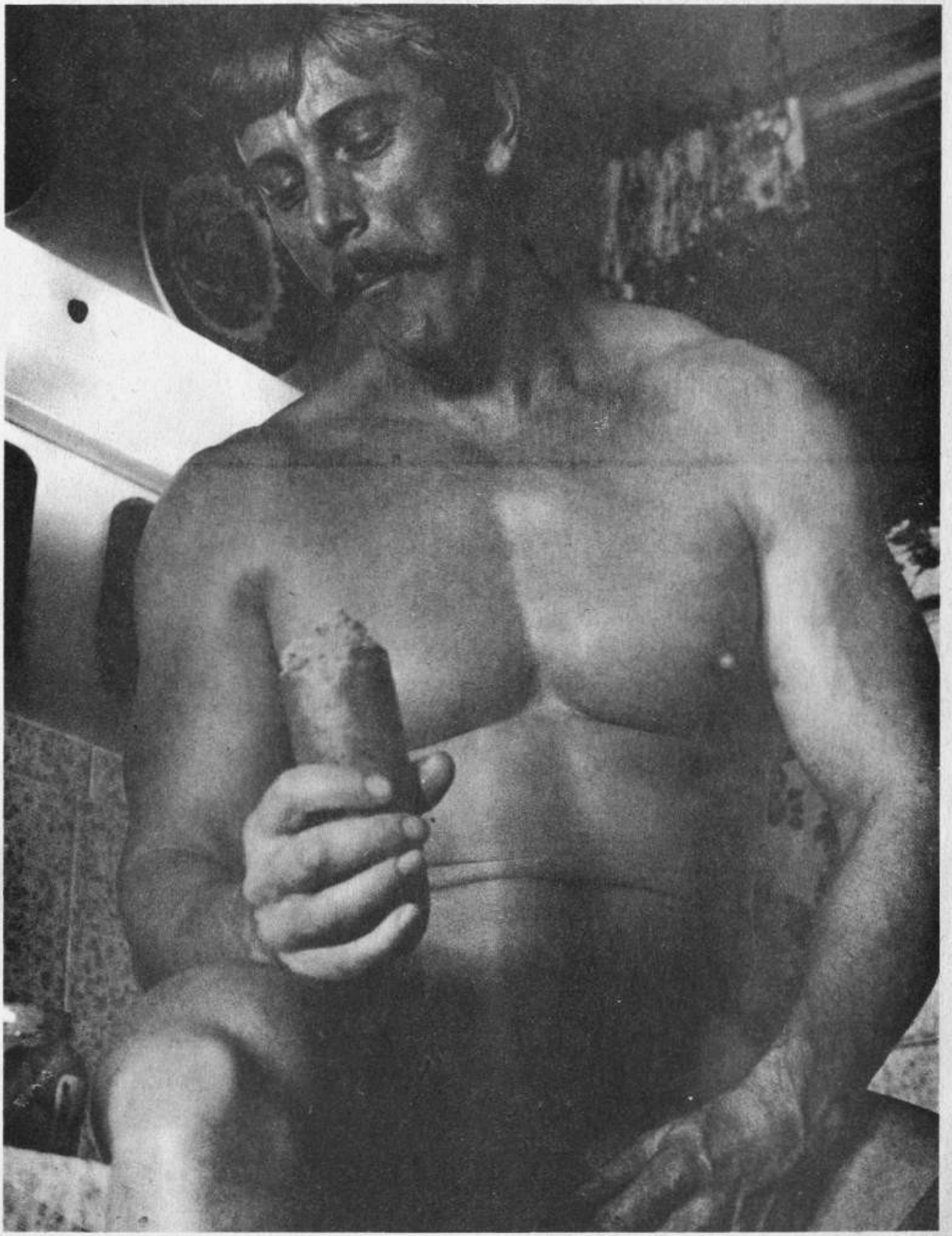
Nothing satisfies him like a thick, spicy salami.





And there's nothing he knows how to satisfy better than his own salami — or anyone else's, for that matter!

Um-ummm! A double meat treat that's hard to beat . . . or, beat hard!



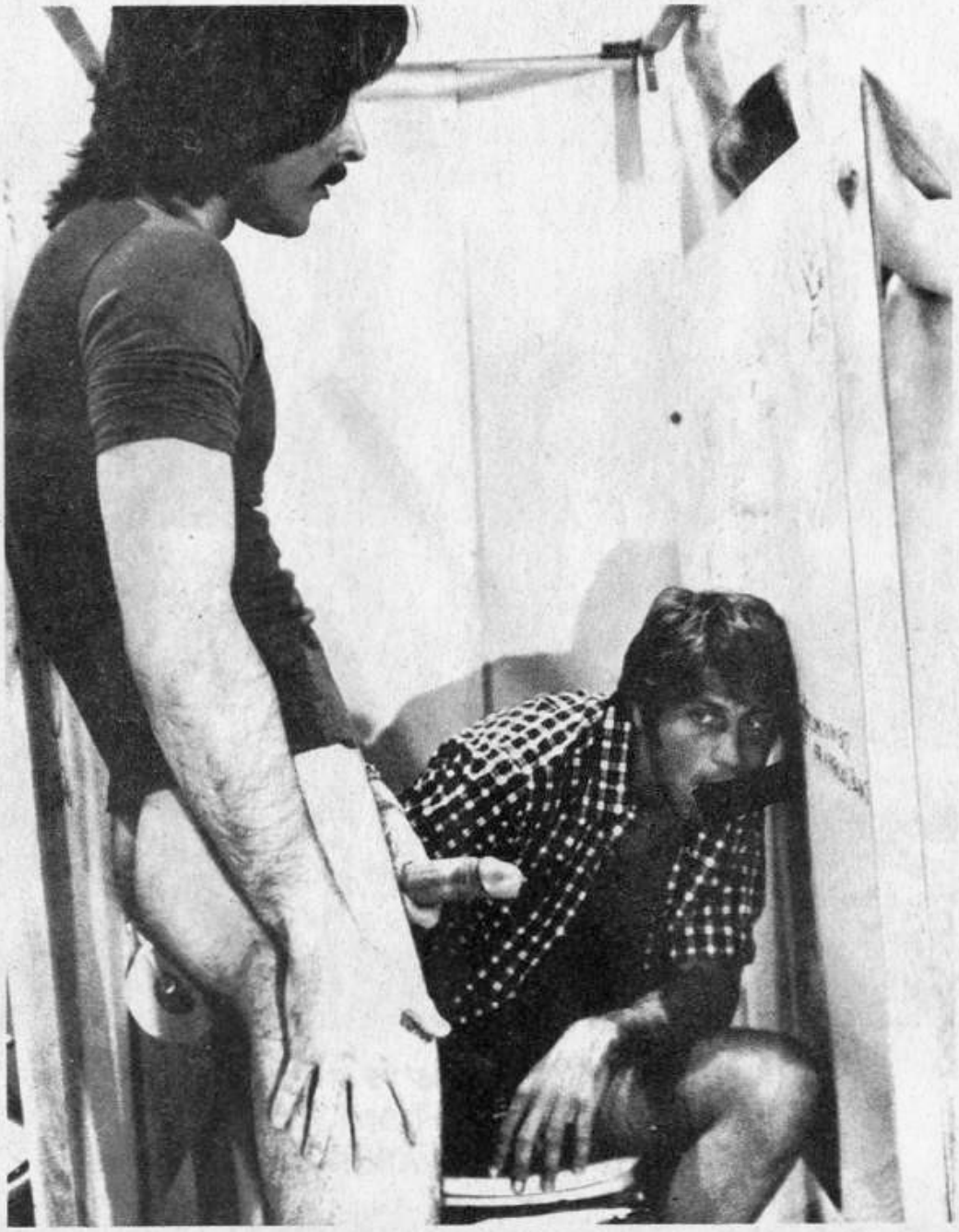
Or in bed! His is surrounded by mirrors. Reflections of the best things in life . . .

When alone, Blu likes to meditate on his root — not those from whence he came — but that from which he's coming!

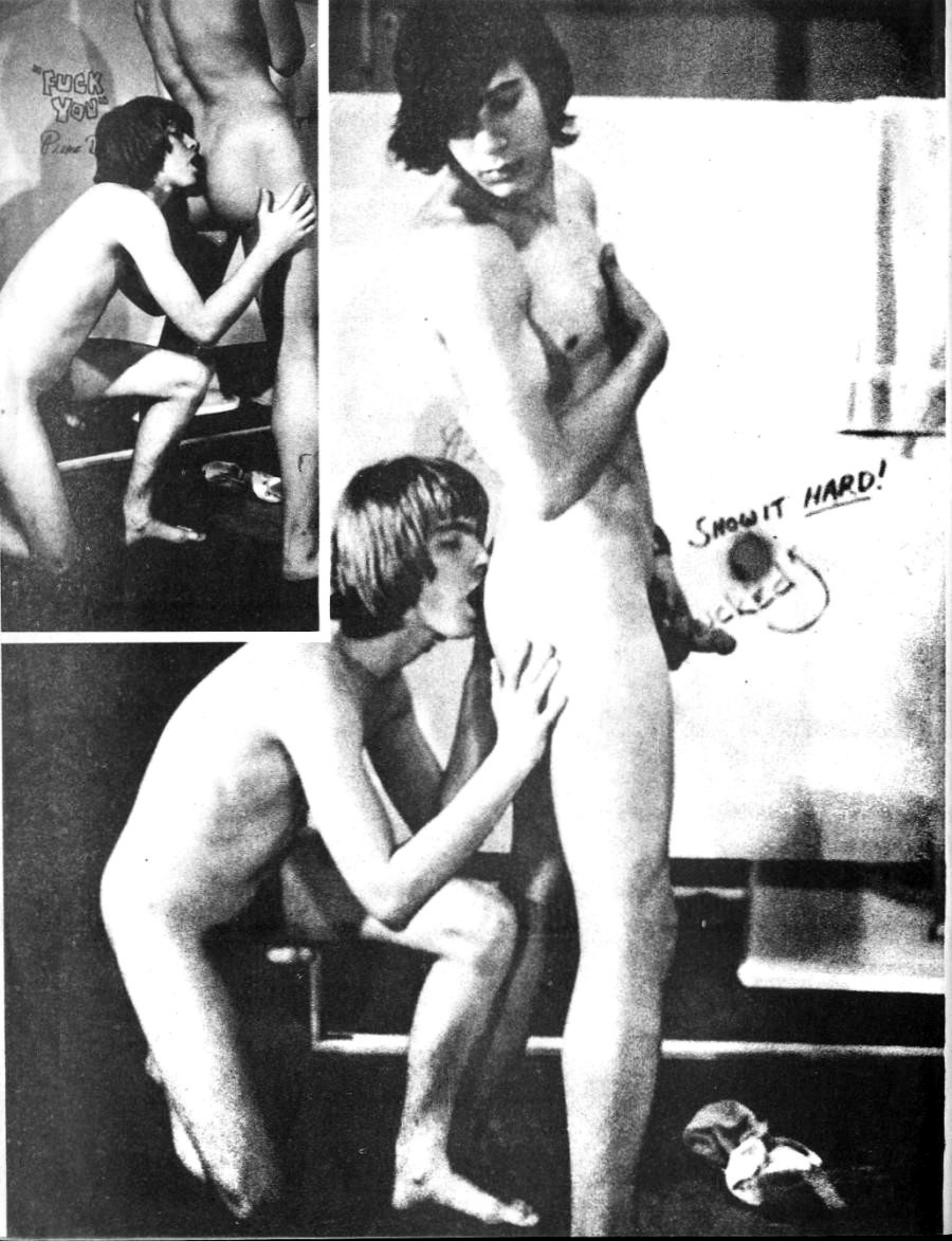
GORY HOLE

HOT

HOT



THIS HOTEL SUCKS!
UCK YOU"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